

Pay up or poke me with a stick
or salute me like a dandy general.
Split me open and serve me
sprinkled with Worcestershire sauce
a sizzled menebroker
on a sesame bun.

-- Ann Menebroker

Wilton, CA

Happily Ever After

Princess, do you snore
Midway dreams of Disneyland,
Or will a cinder touch your eye
As you descend like Mary Poppins.
To the edge of reality?
Were you conceived in blushes
At the Spring Prom,
Or did you begin
As a once upon a time girl?

Princess, do you sweat,
As you count your scents
And brush your hair spun gold
From drugstore potions?
Undies matched as carefully
As your placemats,
You part your maidenhair
And guard your maidenhead.

Princess, do you fuck,
Or wait for singular love
From a charming prince?
To you a cock must crow
Dick is a first name
And aphrodisia a spray-on.
You rewrite recipes;
Raise your chest in hope,
But your hands are cold -- eyes afraid.

The pill is only sugar, princess;
Your trembles will aid the cause.
Stiff upper lip, old girl.
Practice the magic
Of words like yes and come.
Go wash your bush,
Fluff your pillow
And live happily.